

World War II. After returning a hero, Gerry turned to his education and entered St. John's University where he was honored as an All-American basketball player. Upon graduation, Gerry continued playing on the hardwood with the National Basketball Association's Syracuse Nationals. However, his true vocation of stewardship to the people of his community was just around corner.

After retiring from the NBA, Mr. Calabrese was elected to the Cliffside Park Borough Council in 1955. In 1959 he was elected to his first term as the Borough's Mayor. And since 1965, he has served continuously as Cliffside Park's chief executive. His final term will expire in 1999. During his tenure, he has opened the Mayor's office to local men and women empowering them to become active in the political process and establishing a level of constituent service previously unparalleled in Northern New Jersey. Not stopping there, he also served on the Bergen County Board of Freeholders from 1975 to 1985 (functioning as its chairman in 1984), as Bergen County Democratic Chairman from 1991 to 1998, the New Jersey delegation to the National Democratic Convention in 1988 and 1992, on the New Jersey Board of Public Utilities from 1960 to 1987 (retiring as Director of Water and Sewage for the State of New Jersey), and on the 1992 New Jersey Congressional Re-Districting Committee.

A beloved father and grandfather, Gerry Calabrese has earned the respect of men and women of all political parties and all walks of life. In reflection of his time of service, he has been honored by local chapters of UNICO, B'nai B'rith, the Police Benevolent Association, the New Jersey State Association of Chiefs of Police, the Polish American Democratic Club, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the American Legion, the Elks Lodge, and the Amvets. It will be difficult to imagine Bergen County without him as one of our most revered and respected mayors. Cliffside Park's next Mayor will have enormous shoes to fill when Mayor Calabrese leaves the office he has held for forty years. As this chapter of Gerry's life comes to an end, I wish him, his wife Marion, and his children and grandchildren, all the very best for a long, happy, and healthy retirement.

IN RECOGNITION OF DR. GEORGE
F. HAMM

HON. RALPH M. HALL

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, June 22, 1998

Mr. HALL of Texas. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor a close friend, dedicated educator and great American, Dr. George F. Hamm, President of the University of Texas at Tyler, who is retiring this month following an illustrious tenure of seventeen years. Having known George throughout that time, I have had the opportunity to observe his professional accomplishments, which are considerable, and to witness the impact that he has had on higher education in East Texas. His accomplishments were not unilateral, however, for he always had his lovely and intelligent and talented wife, Jane, at his side. Theirs was a partnership that forged a plan for UT Tyler.

George has been engaged in higher education administration and teaching since 1962,

including a distinguished career in student services administration at Arizona State University prior to coming to the University of Texas at Tyler. Since being named President in 1981, Dr. Hamm has provided unmatched leadership and vision to the University. In 1982, Dr. Hamm achieved the first of a long line of accomplishments, when the University surpassed the 2,000 student enrollment mark for the first time. In 1983, under Dr. Hamm's guidance, a master's degree program in public planning and administration was established. This master's program was just the first significant expansion of educational opportunities for East Texans through the addition of numerous programs at the bachelors' and graduate levels. Just a few of the graduate programs established under Dr. Hamm's direct supervision include: teaching, English, mathematics, engineering and biology. Again in 1983, UT Tyler hit another enrollment milestone, as it passed the 3,000 student plateau.

In 1984, as a direct result of Dr. Hamm's ability to further the University's stature, Texas voters added UT Tyler as a beneficiary of Texas' Permanent University Fund. In 1986, Dr. Hamm was awarded the Arizona State University Centennial Medallion, as a "Man Ahead of His Times", for providing equal educational opportunities for minorities. Then in 1990, with the University's reputation and popularity growing by leaps and bounds, UT Tyler awarded its 10,000th academic degree. Never ceasing, Dr. Hamm's vision led to the implementation of an interactive video instruction program in 1991. This state-of-the-art technology enables students in several cities to save time and money while pursuing their educational goals. In 1996, President Hamm received the International Distinguished Service Award from Sister Cities International.

Finally, after years of hard work and dedication, in 1997, the Texas Legislature approved the University of Texas at Tyler as a four-year institution, and in 1998 UT Tyler's first freshman class was accepted for admission. Also in 1997, the Texas Legislature approved development of a UT Tyler campus in Longview and UT Tyler was selected for \$6.9 million U.S.-Ukraine Community Partnerships for Training and Education Project.

After seventeen years of unparalleled leadership and vision, Dr. George F. Hamm will retire as President of the University of Texas at Tyler on June 30, 1998. As President of UT Tyler, Dr. Hamm dedicated his intellect, talents and energy to build a first-rate educational institution in East Texas. His goals were for many years elusive dreams, but thanks to his vision, perseverance and leadership, these dreams have become reality.

It has been an honor and a privilege to work with George during these past seventeen years, and I will be forever grateful for the guidance and friendship he has offered me and for all that he has accomplished for Tyler and East Texas.

Mr. Speaker, when we adjourn today's session, let us do so in honor of and respect for this great American.

TRIBUTE IN MEMORY OF U.S.
REPRESENTATIVE BILL EMERSON

HON. JO ANN EMERSON

OF MISSOURI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, June 22, 1998

Mrs. EMERSON. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to the memory of U.S. Representative Bill Emerson. On this, the second anniversary of Bill's passing, I thought that I would share with all of you the story of "Billy" Emerson. I recently wrote the following as my weekly column so that I could share these very special memories with some of Bill's closest friends and most trusted advisors—the people of the Eighth Congressional District of Missouri.

Graduation Day for our Congressional Pages was just a couple of weeks ago. As we said our fond farewells to those high school juniors who have worked long and hard in the House of Representatives since August 1997, it got me thinking about some of the wonderful stories Bill used to tell when he was a Page back in the 83rd Congress. As many of you know, Bill's first interest in having a career in government came as a result of his experience as a Page, and it was this knowledge and love for the Congress that made him such a valuable part of the institution.

I'd like to share with you the "Billy" Emerson story—the story of how Bill became a Page in the first place.

Bill's Grandpa, W.G. "Bill" Reinemer, was for many years a local elected official in Jefferson County, Bill's home county, and lived with Bill and his mother after Bill's Grandmother died. Grandpa Reinemer was a tremendous influence in Bill's life, and Bill tagged alongside him to every political rally and event Grandpa attended. In 1952, the year General Eisenhower was running for President, Bill decided that he had to help elect "Ike" as President and did everything from manning telephones to stuffing envelopes to making speeches for him. At the same time, Grandpa promised Bill that if Ike won the presidency that he, Bill, could go to Washington for the General's Inauguration. You can imagine how that gave Bill even more incentive to do everything possible to ensure that Ike won the election!

During the campaign, Bill happened to be reading a Boys' State publication, which had a story about being a Page in Congress. This gave Bill another idea. Perhaps if he could become a Page, then he could go to Washington to help Ike run the country. So, Bill wrote letters to every Member of the House of Representatives and Senate, asking if he could be their Page. Many rejections came primarily because Bill wasn't from the same state as these Members, except for one. And the one partially positive letter he did receive came from Congressman Tom Curtis of St. Louis. Congressman Curtis told Bill that if Ike won the election and if the Republicans took control of Congress, then it might be possible that Curtis could appoint Bill as his Page. While there was an awful lot of "ifs" and "mights" in the letter, Bill was not discouraged and was hopeful that he might get the appointment.

However, once the election was over and Ike won, Bill still hadn't heard from Curtis. And it came time for him to go to Washington, as Grandpa had promised, for the Inauguration.

His mom and Grandpa put him on the train to Washington (by himself), where he would be staying with family friends who lived in Alexandria, Virginia. He had his ticket for the Inaugural ceremony, and was so excited to be going to Washington to "help" Ike get inaugurated. Once there, he decided to go up to Congressman Curtis' office in the Cannon Building to see if any decisions had been made about his appointment as a Page.

When Bill arrived in Curtis' office he introduced himself to the receptionist, Marilyn, who promptly replied, "You're Billy Emerson from Hillsboro, Missouri?" And he replied that he was. Marilyn said that Congressman Curtis had been looking all over for him and had tried reaching him at home in Hillsboro, but of course, he wasn't there. She then took him to see Curtis in his office, and there were several other prominent Republicans in the office too. Congressman Curtis greeted Bill, and then introduced him to the others. He said, "Folks, I'd like you to meet Bill Emerson from Hillsboro, Missouri. He's my new page." And this was the very first time Bill learned that he had indeed been appointed Curtis' Page and would be able to realize his dream of "helping" Ike run the government.

Bill didn't have a chance to go home to Hillsboro before starting work as a Page. His mom cried and cried, and had to send all his clothes to him, because he began working immediately. The highlight of his career as a Page was the very first time president Eisenhower addressed the Congress at his State of the Union speech. Bill was standing along the middle aisle where the President enters the House Chamber and as the President passed him, Bill put out his hand to shake the President's, and said, "Hi, Mr. President." The President patted Bill on the head and said, "Son, I sure need your help up here." You can only imagine how Bill felt—all he had wanted to do was come to Washington to help the President and then the President actually asked him for his help. He didn't wash his hand for a week.

I've always loved the Billy Emerson story, and have told it hundreds of times over the past 23 years. I think it captures the essence of the man Bill was. A man dedicated to his country and the principles upon which our Founding Fathers formed a government of, for and by the people. A man inspired by history who wanted to preserve our system of government for generations to come. And a man who wanted to inspire young people to get involved, to understand that you can do and be anything in life as long as you're willing to work for it. It doesn't matter where you come from, the color of your skin, or how little money your family has. The only thing that matters is you, and whether you're willing to make a commitment to do everything possible to realize your dream.

Monday, June 22, marks the second anniversary of Bill's death. But Bill lives on in all of our hearts, and a day doesn't go by when we haven't reminisced about one of his many stories and life lessons. I feel blessed to walk down the same corridors he did, and feel blessed to have spent 21 years as his wife. He was an inspiration to so many, but perhaps most of all to those of us he called family. God Bless you, Bill. We sure miss you.

PORK BARREL JOURNALISM

HON. NICK J. RAHALL, II

OF WEST VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, June 22, 1998

Mr. RAHALL. Mr. Speaker, the term "pork barrel politics" has been in the lexicon for many, many years and is most often used by the media to cast a negative connotation to an earmark by a Member of Congress of federal funds for a specified project in his or her Congressional District or State. It is my experience that when the media uses this term it usually has no first-hand knowledge about the project itself, and instead, relies on hearsay to support its contention that the project constitutes "pork." This is what I would call "pork barrel journalism."

I submit for the RECORD an excellent example of pork barrel journalism exposed by Steven Brill, in the August 1998, edition of Brill's Content.

[From Brill's Content, August 1998]

QUALITY CONTROL

A U.S. SENATOR WRITES A LETTER TO THE WASHINGTON POST CLAIMING THAT AN EYE-CATCHING STORY ABOUT HIM IS COMPLETELY WRONG. WHAT HAPPENS? NOTHING.

Last December, I noticed a curious letter to The Washington Post from Senator Robert Byrd, of West Virginia. The subject was an article that had run in the Post detailing the senator's supposed role in getting a National Park Service project funded in his state—a role the Post cited as an example of lawmakers turning the service "into their personal pork barrel."

Here are the highlights of Byrd's letter: "The very first paragraph of the article speaks of a renovated train depot . . . asking 'Why did the National Park Service spend \$2.5 million turning a railroad station into a visitor center for a town with a population of eight? The compelling reason—Senator Robert C. Byrd . . . who glides past on Amtrak's Cardinal Limited from time to time, heading to and from his home in Sophia, a few miles south.'

"Funny thing, I do not ride the . . . train to and from Sophia and I have never done so. In fact, in the long existence of that train—which does not go to Sophia—I doubt that I have ridden it more than three times, and the last time was probably a decade ago.

"Not so funny is the suggestion that the historic preservation of that building and the town of Thurmond . . . would be undertaken as a result of such whimsy. Equally ridiculous is the falsehood that I 'slipped' the New River Gorge National River park unit into federal legislation 'unwanted' The recommendation to have the New River Gorge managed by the National Park Service was made by the Interior Department . . . [B]ecause of my concern for the costs associated with this plan. . . I have not supported the Park Service proposal for complete restoration of the town of Thurmond. And in the case of the depot, I forced the Park Service to complete the project at a cost considerably less than its original estimate."

In short, Byrd claimed that the entire story was totally, even comically, wrong. To which the Post replied . . . well, it didn't Byrd's letter ran without comment. So, who was right?

Brill's Content staff writer Rachel Taylor reached Martha McAreer an editor of the Post's letters page. No comment from the paper was added, said McAreer, because "letters to the editor allow readers to voice differences of opinion."

Could it really be a matter of opinion whether the senator had actually ridden the train or "slipped" the project in "unwanted," by the federal agencies involved?

A discussion with the article's author, Frank Greve, the respected national correspondent for Knight-Ridder Newspapers, whose wire service had supplied the story to the Post was stranger still. "So what's the problem," Greve began, after having read Byrd's letter, which he told me he had not seen before my inquiry to him. "He's entitled to his opinion."

"Is it a matter of opinion that he rode the train to and from his home and that that's why the depot got funded?"

"Well, I heard he did," said Greve. "And I know he lives near there."

"Is it a matter of opinion that he slipped the bill in unwanted?"

"I was told that," Greve answered.

"Did you call him and ask?"

"Sure, I called his office," Greve continued.

"What did you ask them?"

"I told them I was calling because I was interested in the history of the project, so they suggested I call a former [congressional] staff guy because the project was so long ago. He was one of my sources."

Greve also pointed out that his original wire service article had included a paragraph saying that Byrd had cut the budget for the depot, but that the Post had cut that section from the version it had published.

But for Greve to call Byrd to say he was interested in the history of the project rather than to ask specifically about the train rides or about slipping the project into the budget unwanted, is like calling someone and saying you are doing a story about the history of his family when you're about to write that he has been accused of incest.

Greve finally urged me to call two of his sources for the story—a former congressional staffer and a former Park Service official—on the condition that I not name them.

The first "source" said he had talked to Greve "generally about the Park Service pork-barrel abuses" and he "heard that either Byrd or a West Virginia congressman had wanted to slip the River Gorge project in." But he was "not sure about who it was or even if it was either of them. . . . It was an old story everyone sort of liked to tell. . . . You know, an apocryphal story."

The second "source," the former Park Service official, said he told Greve that Byrd's involvement "sounded right," but that he had "no way of" really knowing because the park project "was way before my time."

When told of the accounts provided by his "sources," Greve sighed, and then said, in near-disgust, "Look everyone knows that this is the way the world works in Washington. What's the big deal?"

Actually, it is a big deal. Most of us think this indeed is the way Washington works, and I know I always thought of Byrd as the embodiment of all that. So a story like this piles on to our preconceived notions and makes us all the more cynical and ready to believe the next story. Conversely, when a story about how the world probably does work, written by a respected reporter, turns out to depend on an anecdote that doesn't seem to hold up, otherwise good journalism is discredited.

But what may be more important than whether Greve's story is correct, is what happened after Byrd wrote his letter. Which is that nothing happened.

Greve freely conceded that no one at Knight-Ridder ever asked him about the Byrd letter. Knight-Ridder Washington bureau chief Gary Blonston confirms that "I never heard anything about a letter."